Ice

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Ice

by whatacunningboy

Summary

Will Graham is a hockey player in university. Hannibal Lecter is a figure skater studying Biology. The two share one ice rink.

Notes

So as I said I am slowly losing my life to figure skating, but like ice skating in general is SUPER COOL! I live in Cali and it never snows here. There are rinks, but they either super expense or just impractical for me to drive all the way to one. I resorted to roller blading, but I haven't done it in years.

ANYWAY~ ENJOY!

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Hannibal gives Will his number.

Will starred at Hannibal skate around the rink quickly. He looked even more graceful than when he was walking around the halls of the cold university. Will had no idea how he achieved such movements on the slippery ice and still remain on his two feet. Will could barely skate quickly after the puck during a game without losing his balance. He snapped out of his gawking and gripped the stick in his hands tightly.

He needed to concentrate, since the big game was on Saturday. Will had to better his condition on the ice in order to have his position down and cover his team on the left side of the ice. Yet, every time he had the puck on the blade, he found himself starring, once again, at Hannibal. Will dropped his stick to the ice. He gave up on skill portion of his practice and began to work on the speed portion of his practice. This would help him keep focus on what was in front of him and not what Hannibal was doing.

Hannibal made quick eye contact with Will, before he lifted off into a triple toe-loop. The plan that Will thought of failed, since Will was still distracted from watching Hannibal. He did not notice how quickly he was moving across the ice. He crashed into the wall of the rink and fell over to the other side. The crash echoed throughout the rink and caused Hannibal to stop everything.

“Will?” Hannibal skated across the ice towards Will, “Are you okay?” Will rubbed the back of his head and began to sit up slowly, “Will?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Will winced, “I think I might get a bump on my head.” Hannibal jumped over the wall to help Will get up from the floor. He sat him down on the bench and sat next to him.

“You should look ahead if you’re going at such high speeds.” Hannibal smiled. He reached for his sports bag and took out a towel. Will took the towel that Hannibal offered and wiped his face with it.

“Yeah, thanks for the advice.” Will checked his head and found no bleeding underneath his brown curls.

Hannibal took the towel and placed it on Will’s hand. Will did not notice that he was bleeding from his hand. He found it a little surprising that Hannibal did notice it. Perhaps, Hannibal was also starring at Will skating away on the ice. Yet, Will found that very unbelievable; a

graceful skater could not love a hockey player. Hannibal sat back down and kept his hand pressed on Will's. They made quick eye contact and Will looked away.

"I think you might have left some of your blood on the ice." Hannibal took Will's free hand and placed it on the bleeding hand. He peered over the wall and noticed the blood, "You did leave blood on the ice."

"There's been a lot of blood spilled on that ice, Hannibal. This isn't the first time I hit myself either." Will tried to stand up, but quickly fell back down.

"Is it also not the first time that you feel disorientated?" Hannibal crossed his arms on his chest and watched Will's expression.

"Shouldn't you go back to dancing?"

"You mean figure skating? You seemed a lot more interested in it than I currently do." Will tried to answer, but Hannibal interrupted him, "Would you like to try it? You already know how to skate on the ice. The jumps are not difficult for someone as swift as you are." Will glared for a second, then he smiled with a chuckle. Hannibal smiled along with him.

"I think I might bleed some more on the ice if I did." Will began to take off his skates with his uninjured hand, "Thank you for the offer… and the towel."

"If you change your mind…" Hannibal reached to his sports bag once more, "This is my number. You may call me anytime for a skating lessons."

Will took the small card and starred at it in his hand. Hannibal went back to the ice and back to his practice. It took Will a little longer to understand what had just happened. It might have been the head injury. It was the head injury that caused him to react a little slower. His face began to turn red and warm. Will stood up too quick that he sat back down. He had to agonizingly watch Hannibal, the figure skater that asked him out, seductively call Will out onto the ice.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will plays the game on Saturday.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The audience cheered, booed, and yelled random phrases throughout the game. Yet, Will never really noticed the audience when he was on the ice. He knew that what they said did not matter in the end. It was what his teammates thought and what the coach thought. There was only one person that Will would want to listen to on the ice. Every once in a while he would peer out to see if that person, his father, made it to a game, but in the end he knew it would be impractical for him to travel about a thousand miles for a two-hour game.

Will felt shoulder began to ache as he made the quick move to stop a pass. The game moved fast. It was fast enough that it left his body unable to catch up. He knew that the fall he took on Wednesday was bad, but he did not imagine it would still be hurting him in the game. He heard his name from his teammate, Zeller, he was the right-wing to his left. He signaled him to get his mind into the game and stop daydreaming. Will sighed and skated across the ice to breakout. He knew that he needed to move quicker than usual in the next two minutes of the game to make a point and tie. Otherwise, he would subject the team to a loss.

Will hurried down the side of the ice and quickly passed the puck to the center. Once Will was opened the puck was passed back to him with one quick motion Will aimed for the goal. The puck went through and the buzzer went off that signaled the end of the game. They would go into overtime. Will's teammates skated over to Will and cheered triumphantly at the tie that Will made. He accepted the praise, but it was brought down by the pressured pain he felt on his shoulder.

"You doing good, Graham?" Zeller patted his back and Will nodded to him.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Will lied. Zeller did not look convinced, but did not question him further. The last thing he wanted was to know that his teammate was hurt and lose focus on the puck.

"Get ready for the overtime." Zeller patted his back once more and got back to the other teammates. Will took a deep breath and hoped that he would be able to stand by his team for the next couple of minutes.

The game resumed. It brought some comfort to Will knowing that it was sudden death, but it also made him a lot more concerned over how much more pressure he was going to exert on his body because of the short amount of time. Will acted and watched every moment that he was on the ice. He calibrated every move like if it was going to count against him. He skated

quicker after the puck. He shouted more to other teammates. He stopped passes more. He still felt the pain in his shoulder, but he ignored it as soon as the adrenaline kicked in once more.

The puck was on his blade. Will noticed one player from the opposite team was focused on him heavily. He needed to pass before, that player could check him. Will passed the puck to another teammate. It was secure enough for that player to aim and goal. Yet, it was too late for the player to stop himself from slamming into Will.

Their bodies crashed into each other. Will had enough time to change to his side, but not enough time to administer the sudden crash. His shoulder hit the wall first. That's when Will felt the roaring pain surge through the side of his body. His toes curled in pain and hand twitched at the sudden pressure. Before, he could even push the player back the crowd stood up cheering for the goal. That was the end of the game.

Will cursed and held his shoulder. The other player skated to his team and left Will alone by the wall. He skated slowly back to his team and pretended to cheer full heartedly. He would have cheered with all the glee in the world, but his shoulder was proving to be an annoyance. The last thing Will wanted was for his teammates to worry over him and not the win.

The crowed cheered loudly enough to cause the walls to shake and even the ice trembled from the loud music and cheers. The other team members on the bench skated towards them to congratulate their victory. The other team beagn to skate towards them and shake hands. Will held onto his shoulder as he shook the hand of each player, once that was done he slowly made it to the bench. He stepped towards the bench, but before he sat down he noticed Hannibal sitting elegantly in the middle of the chaotic cheers.

Will felt his face heat up when he noticed him looking onto the ice and watching the barbaric players jump on each other and punch at each other in happiness over the win. Then Hannibal looked at Will. They made undeniable eye contact, but Will turned back to the ice. His mind thought for a second that Hannibal went to the game to cheer him on and watch him play, but that was selfish to think. Hannibal was most likely there to cheer the team. They did go to the same university.

"Good game, Graham!" His coach patted his shoulder and Will groaned. The coach turned to him with a concerned expression, "You got hurt in that check, didn't you?"

"I fell on Wednesday, I must have busted it then... this check just made it worse." Will held his shoulder. The coach sighed heavily and shook his head. The players always hid injuries from him. The coach pulled out his phone.

"Go get changed. I want you to go to the medical center, and get that evaluated. The last thing I want is for our only left-winger to sit out the rest of the season."

Will nodded and did as the coach said. Hannibal watched him from where he was sitting. The concerned look on both the coach and Will signaled something wrong. He also got up and left the stands.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I don't know anything about hockey, so if it sounds a little funky (like the positions, rules, times, and etc.) please let me know! I actually want to learn about hockey, because a close friend of mine is a huge fan. I want to be able to go to the sports bar with him when the game is on and talk shop. (lol)

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed! Please comment (keeps me motivated to write more)! But if you'd like to talk more about the fic, hockey, ice skating, (Yuri on Ice is also an option lol), or in general message me on tumblr (if you have or go on anon). I will respond so much quicker than I do here.

Thanks!

whatacunningboy.tumblr.com

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal asks out Will.

Will let the warm water of the shower fall on his shoulders. It relaxed knots that were created in his muscles and relieved some stress from the game despite the win. It was not really the game that left him with stress or nervousness, but the idea that he might have to sit out the rest of the season. He massaged his shoulder and slowly rolled it with the water pouring on him. He rolled his head in small circles, until he felt satisfied with the makeshift massage. He turned off the water and grabbed the towel on the wall. He dried himself off and exited the shower with the towel wrapped around his waist.

He opened his locker and heard the door of the locker room open. He figured it was the coach probably going to shout at him to hurry up and get to the medical center because he could not have his only lefty sitting out the rest of the season. Not that going to the medical center would heal him faster or make the diagnosis less insufferable. Will put on a shirt with his skin still moist. His straightened curls dripped on his shirt to moisten it more than what his skin made it. Will turned to his side when he felt someone standing. Hannibal was standing at the end of the row with a water bottle in his hand. Will felt his face heat up slowly. The graceful ice dancer did come to see him play. The idea made him nervous and excited. He never thought that such an elegant man could go see such a barbaric sport.

“I came to bring you some water.” Hannibal moved towards Will and placed the bottle on the bench.

“Th-thanks... what are you doing here?” Will asked. Hannibal sat on the bench and looked in to the lockers in front of him.

“I wanted to congratulate you on your win.”

“You could have waited until after.” Will started to change in the coyest way possible, strategically putting on underwear under the towel, while holding it up with one hand and bent knees.

“You’re going to the medical center.” Hannibal crossed his legs, “There would be no way that I could reach you before.” He glanced quickly at Will and then back forward.

“I guess... thank you.” Will finally got his sweats on. He felt his shoulder ache once more as he reached behind his bag. He hissed lowly, but the room was quiet enough for Hannibal to hear him.

“Your shoulder... the other player crashed into you rather hard.” Hannibal stood up and turned to face Will.

“Yeah, but it’s been aching since the fall from Wednesday.” Will rolled it slightly once more, “Maybe it’s just sprained...”

“Would you like me to accompany you to the medical center?” Hannibal asked with a serious tone and straight face. Will was caught a little off guard by the question and tried hard to hide an eager smile.

“If you want to.” Will answered. He grabbed his duffel bag, but before he could sling it on his shoulder, Hannibal took it from his hand.

“I can carry it... it seems like you have placed enough stress on your shoulder for today.” Hannibal began to walk out of the rows of the locker.

“Thanks...” Will locked his locker and followed Hannibal outside. He felt a little odd by having Hannibal carry his stuff, but it did help his shoulder from the weight, “Did you enjoy the game? I didn’t notice you until the end.”

“I did not understand it much... but it was entertaining. The level of aggressiveness is certainly something that can be off-putting.” Hannibal began to walk slower next to Will.

“Yeah... you don’t get that kind of contact in figure skating.”

“No, but there are many injuries that a skater can sustain.” Hannibal assured. Will smiled with a slight scoff as he heard the comment.

“I’m sure. The jumps you do look like they can take a toll on the knees.” Will did not mean it in a sarcastic tone, but it came off like he was being sarcastic. Yet, Hannibal smiled along with him. It was not until after Will said the statement that he realized how it came off.

“Perhaps, figure skating could be a sport you could enjoy.” Hannibal suggested, “There would definitely be a lesser deal of injuries.”

“I don’t think I can imagine myself in one of those leotards.” Will said lowly.

“I can.” Hannibal responded, “With your physique you would make an amazing sight to behold.” Will felt his face heat up despite the chilling air that hit his cheeks. He coughed a little to change the subject, but in reality it was to mask the awkwardness he felt from the comment.

“Thanks, but I think I will stick to hockey...” Will smiled. They reached the medical center, but before entering Will turned back to Hannibal, “... you know, I’d rather go in there alone... um, I don’t want to hold you up.”

“Oh... I understand.” Hannibal handed Will his bag and smiled, “Would it be too forward of me to ask if you would like to accompany me and a couple of other skaters into town tomorrow?”

“Into town?”

“They’re opening the outside rink in downtown and we’ve decided to put on a show for the public.” Hannibal explained, “You don’t have to skate, but I would appreciate your company if you can made it.”

“I don’t think I’d be good company.” Will mumbled slightly, but looked back at Hannibal, “Depending on what the doctor says, I’ll go. I have your number, so I’ll text you if I can make it or not.”

“Thank you, Will.” Hannibal smiled and left Will alone. Will took a deep breath and walked into the medical center, hopefully with news that his shoulder would be alright.

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